# Dream Sequences

## The Forest of Whispers

### Dreams

Last night I slept soundly, for the first time in a long time. My dreams have been plagued by night terrors, and I oft awoke violently, panting and sweating as if after strenuous exercise, white knuckled fingers digging their nails into my palms. But not last night. Instead I dreamed of an woman, pale skinned and dressed in white. She lay before me, apparently sleeping, though on her face I saw fleeting expressions of discomfort. I found myself overcome with feelings as I watched her lie, happiness and sadness coming and going like the tide. And with those feelings, glimpses of the past. They are my memories, I am sure of it. But as I slipped gently from sleep into the waking world, they too slipped away and were forgotten. She is a mystery, this woman, this angel, but I cannot help but feel I will meet her again.

Again I slept soundly, and again I saw the woman in my dreams. This time, however, she was not sleeping, but sitting lightly upon her knees. I sat with her, and we looked into one another’s eyes for a long time. Familiar eyes- green with specks of grey, beautiful, but filled with a tiredness I cannot quite place. We spoke slightly, whispering, so as not to upset the silence of the dream. She spoke of the sickness, the essence, warning me of it’s spread, that I should prepare myself. In my dream I did wonder how she knew of my quest, of the Necromancer and of this place. Now that I am awake it is obvious that she is a part of me, she knows what I know. But she is also linked to this place.

I tried to learn who she was, why she was appearing in my dreams, how she knew so much about the world, but she would not answer. At first I was frustrated, to live out these dreams with her, only to find the she will not respond to my questions. Soon though, I saw that my irritation upset her. She turned her face away from me as I asked her again who she was, and I saw tears fall from her cheeks. I knew then, that it did not matter. That was not why she was here, she is not a guide but a companion. She is here to be with me, in my dreams, as I trek across this wasted world. I took her in my arms, wiping the tears from her cheek. We were silent then, in a familiar embrace, until I awoke. I opened my eyes slowly- feeling empty at the sight of the dead sky above and the dim sun hanging above the horizon.

## The Shattered Peaks

### Dreams

She visits my dreams often now, sometimes she is silent, and at other times we speak freely. She is a wonderful companion- whether she is real or not does not matter now. She helps me remember things of my past, still nothing clear. I remember a green world, with soft earth and a blue sky. I remember other people, friends perhaps, and family. She says she sees my memories too, assuring me that they are real. But she warns me not to dwell on them, to obsess over what has passed and what has been lost, will only lead me to harm. I try to remember her words, but I find myself reflecting more and more on the memories that are slowly coming back to me.

The dreams are more intense now, my angel is more animate then ever, and it is draining me to the core. Some nights she is happy, we sit and talk of half-remembered times, and entertain eachother with our company. But on some nights I cannot bear to be with her. She shouts and yells, kicking and screaming in her dream-prison, then suddenly breaks down in my arms and cries herself to sleep. Though I do not know her face, there is a familiarity when she touches my skin. My mornings are filled with dread. I cannot stand to see the sun, because even on her worst nights, I would rather be dreaming with her, than awake in this midnight world.

## The Sea of Salt

### Dreams

I did not dream well. Once again she was there, waiting for me, but she was not the same. Her face was gaunt, her limbs thin, and her eyes wide in deep sockets. She broke into tears when she saw me, but no matter how much I comforted her she would not stop. I held her close for the entire night, but she could not reciprocate- she was so weak she could barely lift her arms, and her breathing was shallow and fast. She tried to speak several times, but she could barely muster a whisper. I hushed her quiet, told her we were doing well, that she was safe. I did not remember anything new that night, instead I have been haunted by her cries even in the face of day.

She tried to speak to me last night, but I could not hear her, for she was too far away. I tried to run to her, but I could not get close enough to speak to her. Instead I could see her eyes wide with terror, and her mouth open to scream. Now I could hear her, but it was a muffled scream as if from under water. She screamed and screamed, the muscles on her atrophied arms tensed and relaxed in spasm. Then I too was screaming on my knees with my head in my heads. It did not end, it just went on, the endless wailing, and the tears. All I wanted to do was to hold her again, to stop her screams. But I could not.

## The Ruined City

### Dreams

I am at a loss. The woman of my dreams is silent now, she does not try to speak, she does not move. If it were not for the shallow breathing of her chest, I would think she had passed on. The fervour of my past visions has gone, replaced with hopeless waiting. I stand in an endless room, unable to do anything but watch her rest. Time passes imperceptibly slowly, and I cannot take my eyes from her. Truly this is hell, to watch, and wait, and not know what to do, until the hours of your life have wasted away. I wake slowly now, gazing at the sky every morning. My limbs betray me, and my mind will not focus. I fear I am losing myself to this world.

Finally things have changed for the better. The pallor of her complexion replaced with a warm glow. Her eyes were bright, and her smile broad. We spoke freely again, of trivial things, our likes, our dislikes. I told her of the things I had remembered since we last spoke- happy memories, places I had been. She told me she remembered them too. Although I wanted to ask her what would happen to her after I left this wasteland, I did not want to upset her mood. To see her so well filled my heart. She said she was sorry about what happened before, that she had been ill, and that she would not be ill for much longer. I told her not to apologise, that all I wanted was to be with her and see her well. It was then that she nodded her head and gave me a longing look. I saw something in that moment, a sudden painful memory that came and went in a flash. I woke suddenly, confused by the bitter-sweet dream. It is not long until I finish my journey.

## The Eternal Wasteland

### Dreams

We shared another quiet night. She looked well again, though there was a sadness in her voice that couldn’t be displaced. She asked me about the world, but I did not wish to tell her about it. I sensed that her fate is somehow related to the fate of the gods. Instead I told her that the essence was retreating, that it would not be long before I opened the final gate. I expected her to be elated, to beam and throw her arms around me. Instead she smiled weakly, and became quiet. I did not speak further. I did not know what to say, so I let the silence say it for me. We held hands, and when the time came to wake, I kissed her softly. As I left the dream world she held her hand out to me, and said she loved me.

Now I am alone. When I fell sleep she was gone. I called out for her, but there was no answer. I ran through the endless corridors of my mind to find her, but there was nothing but emptiness. I knew she would not return. I had not opened the gates in time, and now she was gone forever. I sat in my dream world, overwhelmed with emotion. Despair and relief washed over me in equal measures. She would not be in pain any longer, but I do not think I can go on without her. The world is so bleak, so harsh, that without hope I cannot hope to overcome it. Despite our short time together, I will not be able to forget her, I know she will be with me until my last breath.

## Epilogue

It was at the closing of the final gate that it happened. An explosion of light before me, the world collapsing all around. I could hear the wail of the Necromancer even over the cacophony of wind and cracking earth. We were witnessing the end of this world. The gods, awoken from their slumber, were now free to leave the living world and go beyond the veil. Without them there was nothing to control the infection of the essence, nothing to temper spread. In a moment the blinding white was replaced with endless darkness, and then I opened my eyes.

I was in another world, my own world, staring up at a brilliant blue sky from a floor of soft grass. Then the memories returned in an instant, but there was one that stood out in my mind. It was the memory of a woman, a woman with grey speckled green eyes. I remember walking with her, running, playing, sleeping. And I remembered her in her final moments. She lay in a soft bed, so weak she was unable to embrace me as she had done so many times before. I remember as she told me she was sorry that she had to leave me. She asked for my forgiveness, and I said there was nothing to forgive. Instead I told her that she would always be with me, I told her of all the memories we shared, and that I now bear alone. It was not long after that, in utter quiet, that she passed away.

I remember it so clearly now, as all the colour drained from the world. I promised that I would be with her again. I believed that we would be reunited beyond death. But now I know that I am always with her, for she lives beyond the veil, within me.

And then I saw her clearly, as she was on the day we first met.

But all that remains are memories.

The End.